

STABAT MATER,

AN

HAYM,N,

As Perform'd at the

THEATRE
KING'S-THEATRE

IN THE
HAY-MARKET.

The MUSIC by

SIGNOR PERGOLESI.

Executed by Signor GUADAGNI,
and Signor SAVOL.



STABAT MATER.

STABAT Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

Cujus animam gementem,
Contristantem & dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis & afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta,
Mater Unigeniti.

Quæ moerebat, & dolebat,
Et tremebat cum videbat
Nati poenas inclyti!

Quis est homo qui non flet,
Christi Matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?



Quis



STABAT MATER.

THE Mother stood, with grief confounded,
Near the cross, her tears abounded,
Whilst her Son thereon did hang.

Thro' whose soul, which sighs were rent,
Sadly mourning, and lamenting,
Pierc'd a sword with cruel pang.

O how sad, and how distress'd
Was that Mother, ever bless'd,
Of ib' only begotten Son!

She in grief and woes did languish,
Quaking to behold such anguish,
To her noble Son was done.

Who is he that tears could smother,
If he saw Christ's sacred Mother,
In such punishment remain?

Who

Who could stint sad grief's assailing,
To behold the Mother wailing
For her Son's desertless pain?

For th' offences of his nation,
She saw Christ in tribulation,
And with cruel scourges rent.

Her sweet Son's departure seeing,
He in desolation being,
Whilst his spirit forth he sent.

Mother, fountain of true loving,
Make me be thy sorrows proving,
That I may lament with thee.

Let my heart with fervour burned,
Towards Christ with love be turned,
Which to him may pleasing be.

O most holy Mother, hasten,
Firmly in my heart to fasten,
Strokes of him thus crucified.

Of thy Son with wounds tormented,
Much I endure for me contented,
All the pains with me divide.

Let my tears with thine be flowing,
Whilst I live compassion showing,
With him on the cross oppress.

Near the cross with thee remaining,
To bear part of thy complaining,
I most willingly request.

Virgin virgins far excelling,
Be not harsh my pray'r's repelling,
But let me with thee complain.

Let

Quis posset non contristari
 Piam Matrem contemplari,
 Dolentem cum Filio.

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
 Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
 Et flagellis subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem Natum
 Morientem, desolatum,
 Dum emisit spiritum.

Eja Mater, fons amoris,
 Me sentire vim doloris
 Fac ut tecum lugeam.

Fac ut ardeat cor meum
 In amando Christum Deum,
 Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
 Crucifixi fige plagas
 Cordi meo valide.

Tui Nati vulnerati,
 Jam dignati pro me pati,
 Poenas mecum divide.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
 Crucifixo condolere,
 Donec ego vixero.

Juxta crucem tecum stare,
 Te libenter sociare,
 In planctu desidero.

Virgo Virginum præclara,
 Mihi jam non sis amara:
 Fac me tecum plangere.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
 Passionis ejus sortem
 Et plagas recollere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
 Cruce hac inebriari,
 Ob amorem Filii.

Inflammatuſ & accenſuſ,
 Per te, Virgo, ſim deſenſuſ
 In die judicii.

Fac me cruce cuſtodiri,
 Morte Chriſti præmuniri,
 Conſoveri gratia.

Quando corpus morietur,
 Fac ut animæ donetur
 Paradifi gloria. *Amen.*

F I N I S.

*Let me be Christ's death sustaining,
In my heart the print remaining,
Of his cross and bitter pain.*

*Let me with his strokes be wounded,
With his cross my sense confounded,
For thy Son's beloved sake.*

*Thus inflam'd with bot affection,
Virgin grant me thy protection,
When all souls must judgment take.*

*Let me with the cross be tended,
With the death of Christ defended,
And still nourish'd with his Grace.*

*When my body yields to dying,
Let my soul to Heav'n fly,
There obtain a glorious place. Amen.*

F I N I S.

E I N D



Great comfort to the
 Church of England
 Amen

And thus we have seen the
 Church of England
 in the arms of Christ's defense

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